*Bero.* What reason haue you fort.

*Brag.* The naked trueth of it is, I haue no Shirt. I goe Woolward for pennance.

*Boy.* True, and it was inioyned him in *Rome* for want of Linnen: since when, Ile be sworne he wore none, but a dish-cloute of *Iaquenettaes*, and that a weares next his hart for a Fauour.

*Enter a Messenger Mounsier Marcade.*

*Marcad.* God saue you Madame.

*Quee.* Welcome *Marcade*, but that thou interrnpptest our merriment.

*Marcad.* I am sorrie Madame for the newes I bring is heauie in my tongue. The King your father

*Quee.* Dead for my life.

*Marcad.* Euen so: my tale is tolde.

*Ber.* Worthies away, the Scæne begins to cloude.

*Brag.* For mine owne part I breath free breath: I haue seene the day of wrong through the litle hole of discretion, and I will right my selfe like a Souldier. *Exeunt Worthys*

*King.* How fares your Maiestie?

*Quee.* *Boyet* prepare, I will away to nyght.

*King.* Madame Not so, I do beseech you stay.

*Quee.* Prepare I say: I thanke you gracious Lords
For all your faire endeuours and intreat:
Out of a new sad-soule, that you vouchsafe,
In your rich wisedome to excuse, or hide,
The liberall opposition of our spirites,
If ouerboldly we haue borne our selues,
In the conuerse of breath (your gentlenes
Was guyltie of it.) Farewell worthy Lord:
A heauie hart beares not a humble tongue,
Excuse me so comming too short of thankes,
For my great sute, so easely obtainde.

*King.* The extreame partes of time extreamly formes,
All causes to the purpose of his speede:
And often at his very loose decides





That, which long processe could not arbitrate,
And though the mourning brow of progenie
Forbid the smyling courtecie of Loue,
The holy suite which faine it would conuince,
Yet since Loues argument was first on foote,
Let not the cloude of Sorrow iustle it
From what it purposd, since to wayle friendes lost,
Is not by much so holdsome profitable,
As to reioyce at friendes but newly found.

*Quee.* I vnderstand you not, my griefes are double.

*Bero.* Honest plaine words, best pearce the eare of griefe,
And by these badges vnderstand the King,
For your faire sakes, haue we neglected time.
Plaide fouleplay with our othes: your beautie Ladies
Hath much deformed vs, fashioning our humours
Euen to the opposed ende of our ententes.
And what in vs hath seemed rediculous:
As Loue is full of vnbefitting straines,
All wanton as a childe, skipping and vaine.
Formd by the eye, and therefore like the eye.
Full of straying shapes, of habites and of formes:
Varying in subiectes as the eye doth roule,
To euery varied obiect in his glaunce:
Which partie coted presence of loose loue
Put on by vs, if in your heauenly eyes,
Haue misbecombd our othes and grauities.
Those heauenly eyes that looke into these faultes,
Suggested vs to make, therefore Ladies
Our loue being yours, the errour that Loue makes
Is likewise yours: we to our selues proue false,
By being once falce, for euer to be true
To those that make vs both faire Ladies you,
And euen that falshood in it selfe a sinne,
Thus purifies it selfe and turns to grace.

*Quee.* We haue receiud your Letters, full of Loue:
Your Fauours, embassadours of Loue.
And in our mayden counsaile rated them,
At courtshyp pleasant iest and courtecie,